

THE LITURGICAL YEAR



THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



—
DEC.
1937
—

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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MISSIONS OF THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

See section, "The Month with the Missioners."

The Maryknoll Sisters

See Sisters' page for directory.

THE FIELD AFAR—The Magazine of Maryknoll

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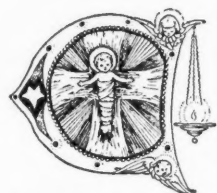
THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

December, 1937

The Charms of a Maryknoll Christmas

Bishop Walsh, Maryknoll's Superior General, relives the feast at "home" after eighteen years in China.



CHRISTMAS at Maryknoll is a memory that the sons of Maryknoll carry in their hearts wherever they go to

bring Christmas to other hearts. God intended it so. It is a memory He wanted them to have and to hold, an ever present memory, a possession. So he puts it deep in their hearts as a part of their formation for life, for we conduct a seminary for missionaries, but it is God Himself Who forms His missionaries. Through His grace, lavishly dispensed during those formative years, a vision is first dawning then deepening, in the soul of the future apostle. It is the vision of all that Christ means to the world—to prepare him for his work of bringing Christ to the world. That vision will light his way along many paths, and some not smooth or easy, but they will always mount upwards, and they will lead him, if he walks them faithfully, to the very skies. That vision will gradually initiate him in all the mysteries of Christ. It will take him to Thabor to see the glory of the Eternal Word. It will take him to the Upper Chamber to share the joy of the Word made bread, to Calvary to share the sacrifice of the Word made sin. But first it beckons him to come in haste to Bethlehem to see the surpassing love and the divine humility of the Word made flesh.

In the seminary, where he is learning Christ, the missionary's lesson begins at a tiny crib that tells him the story of the one incredible romance of

The old and the new Maryknoll Seminaries in a fairyland setting glittering with snow crystals and silver ice.



all creation—that God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son—and as this revelation is the beginning, so it is the foundation of his apostolic career. He sees a revelation of God's love. He sees the Son of God made in the likeness of men and in habit found as a man. He sees Him humbling Himself, forgetting Himself, giving Himself, in order to demonstrate His love. He sees a new born Babe Who stretches out His little arms from the straw of a manger to make the advances to His timid creatures. He sees a divine abandonment with no holding back. And seeing to what lengths God will go to win the hearts of men, he

begins to understand to what lengths he himself must go. He hesitates a little, and perhaps he fears. For he knows by instinct that the love brought to earth by that Divine Babe in His smiling innocence is no soft sentiment, but a love that must revolutionize the world—and must revolutionize him. And he asks himself: What will it cost? But he looks long at the crib and he is heartened, for he sees there the perfect love that casts out fear. He is conquered by that divine appeal. Fear wist not to evade as love wist to pursue.

Conceiving, then, some of that divine love in his own heart, the future missionary learns also how it expresses itself. Love is not pride, Bethlehem says to him; love is humility. Love is not riches, love is poverty. Love is

GOD'S gift to us is Jesus. Our gift to God is what?

THE CHRIST CHILD CAME FOR ALL.



Left: The path leading to Rosary House, now the home of Maryknoll's Auxiliary Brothers.

not power, love is weakness—though in it there is also a strength divine. Love is not holding back; love is giving out. A foundation lesson this is for him, a direction that will guide him to ascend by steps and go from virtue to virtue as his holy vocation unfolds before him. The Crib teaches him how to begin. And he has learned a great lesson when he thus realizes that just as Christ began in the humility and poverty and abandonment of the manger, so must His missionary lay the foundations deep in those same essential virtues that will be his support through life. The days will come on the missions when he will have to make a real choice between humility and pride. The days will come when he must embrace poverty as a reality, and not merely as an idea. The days will come when he will be beset with difficulties and will ask himself if the game is worth the candle, and he will need to realize strongly then that the candle he is lighting with pain and sacrifice and in obscurity and abandonment is worth any game—and worth any cost—because it is the light of the world.

We learn this lesson every year at Maryknoll, and every generation of missionaries takes it with them to the mission field. In eighteen years in Chi-

Right: A Christmas view of Maryknoll's Major Seminary.



na, I myself have shared it with every successive group. There is no reminiscence that means more to them, there is no recollection they recount more vividly and with more evident joy than the memory of those Christmas Days they were privileged to spend on Mary's Knoll. Christmas for them is different now. In many places there are few external trappings, and no great family gatherings. Many of our missionaries

Christmas spirit is there, because the same Divine Child is there, and His missionaries will live again that same divine story that they learned so joyfully here. We are not separated; we meet around the crib. The whole Maryknoll family is united by that bond which is greater than time and space—the love of a Divine Child, Who comes to find His hall, and our desire to give it back to Him.

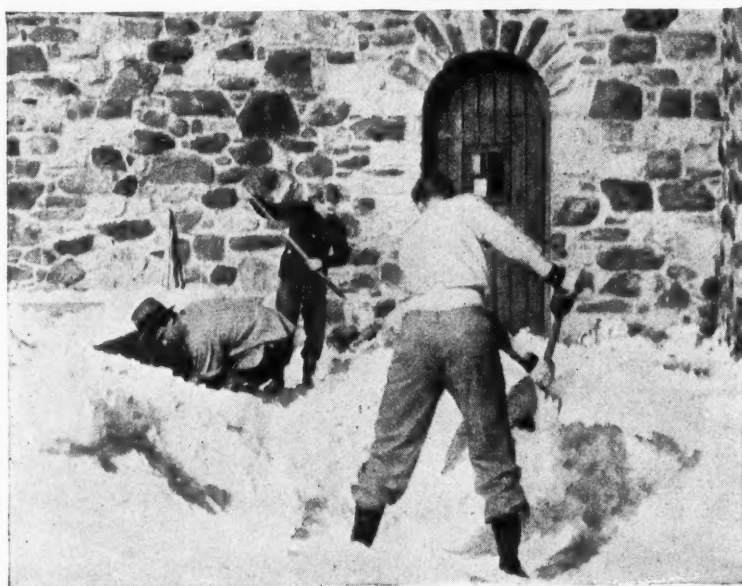
Yet if we are to spread that love, we must possess it in our own hearts, and to possess it fully, we must make room for it. Let us not delude ourselves that we can bring Christ to other hearts, without first bringing Him to our own, or that we can bring Him fully to our own without making room.

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share in 11,000 Masses annually and in the prayers and works of all Maryknollers. Payments of two dollars may be sent each month until the fifty dollar offering has been completed.

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"BID OUR PEACE INCREASE THOU THAT MADEST MORN; BID OPPRESSIONS

There are little attachments, little imperfections, a bit of pride here, a little vanity there, and other barriers, that are keeping us from opening wide. "Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down; the mountains would melt at Thy sight." But the heart of man, will it melt? Will it humble that pride? Will it be content with that poverty? Will it be happy in that abandonment? Will it resist that appeal of a little Child, Who brought heaven down to earth in His own divine person, to soften our hearts, and so raise them up to heaven by His divine grace? The answer lies with us, and we will give it as we kneel before the manger. It will be to make room in the inn of our hearts, to open them wide, to let in this Divine Beggar, Who



Above: Missioners in training for the Far East, where there are enough snow and wintry blasts to satisfy any good sport's desires. Left: Warming up for the Christmas dinner. Below: The Maryknoll Mail Truck being stuffed to capacity with Christmas greetings.

comes seeking our love, and to pledge it to Him in the humility and poverty and abandonment that He preaches to us from His crib.

"CONVINCED that God alone can convert a soul, the missionary seeks grace through prayers: his own and those of his friends. And you are, or should be, his friends. A measure of prayer cooperation, steady and regular, however small, is in your power to give."—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.



CEASE, BID THE NIGHT BE PEACE, BID THE DAY BE BORN."—Swinburne



A young Christian mother of Lung Woh with her little son.

Bethlehem Under a Kerosene Lamp

The sweet peace of Christmas in a new-born Christian village of South China. Father James E. Fitzgerald, of Medford, Mass., relives the Holy Night with his farmer folk.

As I said the first Mass of Christmas there in that tightly packed little chapel, my hands stiff from cold, the air filled with smoke of fire-baskets and vibrating with the soft chant of the rosary, the thought came to me that God must surely be pleased with this little group of farmer folk praying so devoutly in the dim light of a kerosene lamp.

Before the second Mass at seven



On the twenty-third of December, I went to Lung Woh which has had no resident priest for three years. The day before Christmas was spent getting the chapel

ready, setting up a tiny crib and preparing the vestments; and in the afternoon when the Christians came in from the country I had to drop everything and talk with them. In the evening, I heard confessions—about eighty.

It was bitter cold after the sun went down, and none of the poor country

folk were dressed any too warm, so I suggested to the catechist that we omit the Midnight Mass. The Christians would not hear of it.



Above: The bus in which Father Fitzgerald made the trip to Lung Woh waiting for a full load before starting.



Left: After the bus ride, an hour's jaunt along the river bank before reaching Lung Woh.

o'clock, I had a marriage. The lady catechist had to push the bride bodily down the whole length of the chapel, and she would not say "yes" until I had asked her three times—just an old Chinese custom. After the third Mass which followed the second immediately, a baby was brought up for Baptism.

A can of good old Boston baked beans and some Chinese-style chicken soup were the main (and only) courses at my Christmas banquet. They sustained me till I reached Kochow.

AT THE CLOSE OF YOUR LIFE IT WILL BE A CONSOLATION TO FEEL

Kao-Lung Gets the Bike Money

A nine-year-old in New York makes a sacrifice; a nine-year-old of the Manchu Plains gets a home. It is the way the Lord does things. Father George Haggerty, of St. Johnsville, N. Y., sends us the story.



NE cold, cold morning, my mail consisted of but one letter. Opening it I read:

"Dear Father,

"Sister Margaret Loretto has formed a club which is named Saint Francis Club. I was saving my money for a bicycle, but when I heard Sister tell about the missions I thought I would rather adopt a Chinese baby. So I am

enclosing a money order for five dollars and my picture. I thought you might like to know what I look like. I am nine years old and in the fourth grade.

"I wish that you would say a prayer that I may choose my true vocation.

Sincerely yours,
William Mahanna."

As I finished reading the letter, my Boy came in, rubbing his ears and nose nearly frozen from the cold. He asked me to come outside and see a little beggar boy. I went out to the gate-room and met a little boy with a sunny smile, clothed in rags. His name was Kao-Lung (Good Dragon); his parents had died during the winter; his two sisters had been taken off to the north by a supposedly friendly man. Since the death of his parents he had begged a living from door to door. Now it was very cold, and someone had suggested that he go to the Catholic Church where he could find a home.

We have no facilities for the care of orphans. Already, I had accumulated seven and was having my own troubles looking after them. I asked Kao-Lung how old he was. When he said, "Nine years," I thought at once of another little boy aged nine who gave up his bike money for a Chinese baby. Kao-Lung would resent being classed as a baby, but I felt that if William had been here he would want his money used for this nine-year-old. The bike money

Before and after Kao-Lung was adopted with William Mahanna's bike money.



would buy warm clothing and food for a time, so we took Kao-Lung into our

ALL Maryknoll priests offer their Friday Masses for benefactors. Besides these Masses, benefactors share in the prayers and sacrifices of our students, Brothers and Sisters, and in the prayers of the Christians on the missions.

family.

Kao-Lung has a fine little mind. He learned his prayers in no time, and soon had a good portion of the catechism memorized. Every time he spied me, he asked when he could be baptized. There was no reason for delaying, so one Sunday morning, Kao-Lung became Kao-Lung William after his benefactor in New York State. He is busy studying his catechism every day and will make his first Holy Communion soon. Kao-Lung has proved to be as good a boy as one would want to have around: he minds well, has a fine disposition, and causes no trouble whatsoever.

Kao-Lung's greatest ambition, aside from mastering his catechism so that he may be confirmed when Monsignor Lane comes, is to learn to write sufficient characters so that he, Kao-Lung William of Sin Pin, Fengtien, Manchukuo, can write a letter to his young patron, William Mahanna, of Utica, N.Y., U.S.A.

We took Kao-Lung's picture the day he arrived at the mission. To celebrate his Baptism we had to take another. If he seems a bit more serious in the second one, perhaps it is because of his new dignity.

THAT YOU HAVE BEEN INSTRUMENTAL IN ADDING TO THE FOLD OF CHRIST.

Death's Encore in Wuchow

A GAIN death strikes the Prefecture of Wuchow. Hardly a year ago, it took Father Leo Jones, of Dowagiac, Michigan. Now it robs that struggling field of Father J. Leo Foley, of Medford, Massachusetts, young and strong, seemingly a safe gamble for a long and active mission career. Father Foley passed away from typhoid

classroom and training, for truly worth-while accomplishments. God decided that he had already achieved his portion and called him from his task.

Our hearts go out to his mother, Mrs. Mary Foley of 71 Linwood Street, Medford, to his two sisters, Betty and Mary, and to his brother, Edward.

May his soul enjoy the eternal peace of God's pioneers.



Left: Father J. Leo Foley who died of typhoid, October 17, in South China.

on October 17, after five years of service.

Father Foley was born at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, July 14, 1899, and graduated from St. John's College, Newfoundland. He was a private in the British Army during the World War and passed one year in France.

Returned home, he came to Boston and there was engaged by the Generating Department of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company for three and a half years before entering Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania.

Father Foley was ordained by the late Bishop Dunn of New York in 1932 and left immediately for South China. There in his brief span of apostolate he won the love of his people, learned to know them, and finally stood prepared after a score of years of

Right: Father Gerard Donovan, captured by bandits in Manchukuo, October 5.



Kidnappers Repeat in Manchukuo

THE mail from Manchukuo brought us a missionary's letter—"The summer is over and the sorghum season is with us, the ideal time for the bandits." When the sorghum crop is high, the bandits scurry in safety over the Manchu plains, out of sight behind the uncut grain. Hardly had the letter reached us when in came a cable on October 6 with the word that our Father Gerard Donovan had been captured and was being hurried off through the sorghum fields.

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

I, a missionary priest or nun! Why not? Think it over.

Thus the bandits are repeating in Manchukuo. A year ago last February Father Clarence Burns of Toledo, Ohio, was taken. Now it is a son of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Father Gerard Donovan is one of three brothers, all of whom are Maryknoll priests. Father Joseph is stationed at Maryknoll Seminary, and Father Thomas is in Kaying Vicariate, South China. The father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Donovan, live at 219

Joyce Terrace, Hazlewood, Pennsylvania, a brother, Michael J., is in Bradford, Pennsylvania, and a married sister, Mrs. J. F. Kelly, is at Beach View, Pennsylvania.

Father Gerard, "baby" of the family, was born October 14, 1904, ordained in 1928, and, after teaching a while, went to Manchukuo in 1931. He is loved by all Maryknollers for his happy disposition.

We ask your prayers for Father Gerard and for his family, which is accepting the trial with true Christian resignation.

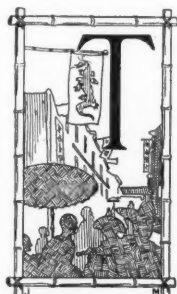
Purchase souls with sacrifice—see inside back cover for suggestion.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR CONVERSIONS LIE AT

The King's Birthday at Sancian

Once again it is Father Robert Cairns, of Worcester, Mass., who writes from the island where

Saint Francis Xavier died.



HE High Mass at midnight near the tomb of Saint Francis Xavier was for benefactors, but I was glad that none were present. The *double-barrelled* choir shot off at different times and with different reports. Catechist Joe Lay can sing the "Mass of the Angels" pretty well; Dom Lau, a college graduate has studied singing. Each sings fairly well alone, but when they get together it is simply awful. Later Christmas morning, I asked several people how they liked the singing, and they replied: "It was the best ever, because usually we have only one for a choir. Last night, we had two." For music, these Sancian critics must have wooden ears.

We had a pretty little crib of small white pieces sent from an English soldiers' camp two years ago. After each of the seventeen people present at Mass had spent some time at the crib, they went to the caretaker's house to get warmed up with a bowl of hot chicken broth; and I wended my way over to the Central Mission where I live.

At the first glow of dawn over the hills behind the Church, the bell sounded—ringing longer than usual to remind the forgetful that this was a special day, the King's Birthday. When I came into Church some people were already kneeling around the crib. The new large figure of the Infant Jesus, breathed upon by the ox and ass, adored by Saint Joseph, Mother Mary and the shepherds with their white sheep beside them, made the scene almost a reality. At least, it seemed so from the faces of the group at the crib. One dear old mother was telling the story of the first Christmas to her wee grandson.

Among the assembled Christians was our dear blind lady, Mary Ann Lam.

At dawn, Mary Ann was led over the half-hour of rough paths with stick in hand feeling her way among the stones and through the two streams along the way. She is the lone Catholic in her household since her two sons and their families have reverted to paganism. They laugh at her, and do everything possible to discourage her from praying and coming to Church. But she comes just the same and spends her days with rosary in hand.

The church was crowded to the doors. We divided the *double-barrelled* choir of last night and had a solo High Mass sung by Catechist Joe Lay. He did very well.

After Mass, the people gathered in the school. I visited them with a cheery

"Merry Christmas," said my thanksgiving and walked a half hour to the next station, Saam Chow Market, for the third Christmas Mass. This Mass was said in the Propagation of the Faith Office. Most of the fifteen who attended were boys from our Catholic school for pagans in Saam Chow Market. Dom Lau was the one-man choir for the occasion.

I walked back to the mission and recorded for the King's Birthday on Sancian Island: 184 attendants at the three Masses, and 56 Communicants. Perhaps this may seem a small number to you who are accustomed to see a huge church full of worshipers; but to me it was a great crowd, and I'm sure the Infant Savior rejoiced with me.



A dear old grannie with her little grandson praying at the Christmas crib.

OUR DOORS, BUT FEW OBSERVE THEM.



By Rev. John C. Murrett, M. M.



THE Mah family were newcomers to the little Manchu town of Hopei. It was chance, or more likely their Guardian Angel that led them to set up their little straw-and-mud house early in February, in the shadow of the Catholic Mission. Once established, they began to be very curious about the foreigners who lived next door.

Mrs. Mah had a fine view of the dispensary from her front door, and she told the family each evening of the kindness and compassion she witnessed during the day. Somewhat given to exaggeration, she stated that the number of sick attended was "hundreds" though the little village had no such population.

One night, Mr. Mah had a story to tell. He had been driving his crude hand plow through the frozen Manchu soil when a stone turned the blade, nearly amputating his big toe. At that moment, Fr. Jennings, passing by on his way to a sick call, seeing the accident hurried to the man's side. At first, it looked as if a few stitches might be necessary, but for the moment Fr. Jennings

placed a small piece of wood beneath the injured toe and bound it tightly with a handkerchief torn into strips.

"Come over to my house to-night," the priest had said, "and we shall see what must be done."

Mrs. Mah was delighted. Of robust health herself, she feared she would never have an opportunity to see the foreigner's medicine room. Now this ill wind would blow her right into the place. To their relief, the Mahs found that Fr. Jennings *had a way with him*. While dressing the injured toe he kept up a steady line of chatter, and the couple went home that night happy with the knowledge of a God Who loved them and was watching over them. For many evenings, they came to the dispensary. By the time the foot was healed, both Mr. and Mrs. Mah were well on their way into the Catholic Church.

An Installment Plan

Send in ten names for enrollment in a group Perpetual Membership with your first offering of two dollars. Payments of two dollars may be sent each month until the fifty dollar offering has been completed.

Address: Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, New York

Six months later, on the eve of the Assumption, the Mahs with their two boys, nine and seven, were headed for the Church. Bringing up the rear was a little five-year-old girl carrying the baby.

"We have decided on our new names," Mr. Mah announced. "I shall be Peter, my two boys James and John; my wife Anna, and the baby Paul."

For the first time, Fr. Jennings noticed the little girl holding the baby, and although her face was averted he thought he caught sight of tears in her eyes. The thing was a distraction to him all through the ceremony. At the pouring of the water, the little one could restrain the tears no longer. Down her face they coursed, and her little body shook with a grief which seemed to be welling up from her soul.

As soon as he could do so, the priest asked: "What is all this? Who is this little girl?"

Peter Mah somewhat shamefacedly nudged his wife, and she, herself crestfallen, told the priest: "She is our daughter. Long ago, she was promised in marriage to a pagan youth, and because of that we could not let her become a Christian."

"THE LORD IS NIGH UNTO ALL THEM THAT CALL UPON HIM:

Fr. Jennings's heart was touched. "Does she know the doctrine?"

"Oh yes," answered the mother. "She learned it all with us, and her prayers, too. Say the act of contrition for Father!" she commanded the little girl.

But Fr. Jennings came to her side and said: "Not now—some other time! What is your name, little one?"

Through her tears she answered, "It is the same as in the prayers, Mah Li Ah."

"Maria," echoed the priest. "That is a lovely name, and perhaps some day, it may be yours. Every day, say a little prayer to 'Malia' and she will help you to receive this same gift which came to your family today."

Only those who know how terribly binding Chinese betrothals are, can understand the odds against which Mah Li Ah had to pray. But pray she did. Fr. Jennings's recitation of his prayers in church was often far from being "attentive" with the sight of his little protegee on her knees before Our Lady's statue, the rosary slipping through her tiny fingers.

With the approach of Advent her prayers grew even longer, and she seemed loath to leave her Blessed Mother. As the days grew on towards Christmas. Mah Li Ah found added opportunities to be in Church, helping with the

"Now you can baptize me, too," Mah Li Ah said.

ON all purchases of \$5 or more of Maryknoll Books a discount of 33⅓% will be granted if the order is received before Christmas. See page 349.

decorations and the place for the crib. Already, Christians were coming in for the Feast. Christmas was but two days away.

At noon on Christmas Eve, there was great rejoicing in the courtyard of the mission. Three old fishermen, the only Christians in their village, had walked thirty li to be present for the Feast. They were 'old faithfuls'—well known to all, and were always welcomed for the stories they brought with them.

As they told Fr. Jennings of

their efforts to preach the word of God, the group of Christians gathered 'round to hear it all. Old Thomas, the leader of the three was jubilant: "A week ago, I had a Baptism, Father—a young boy of twelve who was very sick. When his parents saw he could not live they gave me permission to baptize him."

"Well, before you go," said the priest, "you must give the boy's name so that I may record it."

"Oh it's an easy one to remember—the same as the great general, Chang Tso Ling!"

In one corner of the group there was a gasp, and Peter Mah broke through.

"Chang Tso Ling," he asked, "son of Chang Pu Wei?"

But before Fr. Jennings could grasp any meaning from the excited Mah's remark, a little hand stole into his. Looking down, he saw Mah Li Ah smiling up at him.

"Now you can baptize me, too," she said.

The late December afternoon was giving way to the most blessed of all eves when the little mission chapel, crowded to the doors, echoed and reechoed the holy name of Mary in the recitation of the rosary. During it all, Fr. Jennings was busy with many prayers and ceremonies that culminated in: "Maria, I baptize thee, in the name. . ."

It was Christmas, and Mah Li Ah had received her gift.





Father George Flick making friends in Manchukuo.

A Rookie and His Manchu Christmas

Father George Flick, of Oswego, N. Y., experiences the thrill of being understood as he preaches his first Christmas sermon.



OUR compound resembled a metropolis on Christmas Eve. The twinkling lights of hundreds of candles glowing through paper lanterns gave it a festive appearance, and there was music in the air. One of the more prosperous Christians had brought his phonograph and loud speaker to entertain the crowd. I had about ten Christmas hymns and songs among my records, and they were played over and over again until "Adeste Fidelis" was ringing in our ears. The crowd of Christians milling around were in their gayest spirits. Many of them had tramped for several days in temperature registered at twenty-five below zero. Such faith as they display will not go unrewarded. The children had a grand time in their own way—slipping, sliding and tumbling on a foot slide they had made alongside the sidewalk.

The back partition in the chapel had been removed to accommo-

date the crowd that packed in for the Midnight Mass. It thrilled me to see so many, and to feel that it was my privilege to minister to them. The sermon was my second attempt at preaching in Chinese, and marvelous to relate, it was understood even by those who had not heard me speak before.

After the nine o'clock Mass, all the Christians assembled in the courtyard to wish me a happy Christmas. They made the customary three profound bows, and the schoolchildren rendered a little song. I responded briefly to their greetings, urging them to make every day Christmas Day by receiving into their hearts the Divine Infant in Holy Communion. Candy and peanuts were then dis-

tributed while I retreated to get some other gifts for them.

On Christmas Eve, a box had arrived for me from some students in St. Francis de Sales School, Utica, N. Y. When the children saw me return with this box, candy and peanuts were forgotten for the time being. They superintended the opening of it and then were right on hand for the distribution of medals and holy cards. Fortunately, there were enough for all the children. Even some of the adults managed to get in on them.

Benediction in the afternoon closed the Christmas services. There had been no Baptisms because I am not yet well enough versed in the language to make the necessary examinations. About a dozen were ready for Baptism. They were a sorry lot when told that they could not be baptized for Christmas but had to await the pastor's return. I felt sorry for them, but was unable to remedy the situation.

The Linkiang report for Christmas reads: one hundred and eighty confessions; over three hundred—including Christians, catechumens and pagans—attended the Masses. Surely God was pleased with our people on this lovely feast day.

Maryknoll Associates

All FIELD AFAR subscribers are Maryknoll Associates. This is our gift to you. But without being a FIELD AFAR subscriber you may enroll yourself or another, living or dead, as an Associate Member. The offering is small, fifty cents yearly, and members share in the Masses and prayers of all Maryknollers.

"ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH HAVE SEEN THE SALVATION OF OUR

A Baby Typhoon Hits the Korean Coast

Father James Ray, of New York City, tells us what fifteen hours, a big wind, and a sea of water can do in his neighborhood.



ABABY typhoon hit Hiken on September eleventh, and within fifteen hours after the cloudburst, the town was flooded up to the roofs of the houses. The Church property, being on a hill above the town, was left high and dry and was a refuge for the stricken. We turned the school into a shelter and started a fire in the kitchen to help dry out the drenched refugees.

The water rose so quickly and everybody was so busy saving themselves and their own belongings, that one family remained stranded on the roof of their house for some time before we noticed their plight. Father Leo Sweeney, who happened to be visiting Hiken at the time, engineered the con-

After the flood had subsided, it was estimated that over one hundred houses in the immediate vicinity had been washed away. The crops were all partially, and in some cases totally, destroyed. An epidemic also seemed imminent. We were fortunate in having no casualties, but the families are homeless. For the next six months at

least, the Church will have to take care of these stricken people. Since we help both Christians and pagans without discrimination, we hope that this baby typhoon will be a means of bringing many to know and love the Church. The flood waters deprived them of their homes; we would pour the waters of Baptism and make them heirs



Above: Father James Ray views the remains of a native home.



Left: The refugees drying out their few belongings in our yard.

Left: Water going back from whence it came.

struction of a raft. We sallied forth on the raft and, after fighting the current for several hours, we managed to bring to safety the family—an old lady of some seventy years, a mother with a baby, and three little tots.

While Father Sweeney and I were doing the little saving act, Father Stephen Hannon who had come in for a day's rest, anticipated the need and brought out all the loose rice we had and prepared to feed the multitude. The Church fed over three hundred and sheltered the same number.



of an eternal home—Heaven.

"God is Charity"

Have you a dime today to care for one needy person?

Write for a Charity Dime Card and aid: a leper, an orphan, a blind person, a sick person, an aged person, an abandoned babe, a hungry person, a cripple, a homeless person, and an insane person.

Address: The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

GOD: SING JOYFULLY TO GOD, ALL THE EARTH."—Psalm 97, 3.

THE FIELD AFAR.

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THING
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



MARY gave life to Eternal Life, flesh to the Word made flesh, blood to the Precious Blood, her eyes and her smile and her grace to the most beautiful among the sons of men. Then she gave Him to the world. The world gave Him a grudging entrance limited to a cave on the hillside and a manger of straw, and the children of the world give Him a chilly little corner of their hearts in which to feel unwanted. Mary must wonder. He filled to overflowing her immaculate heart that gave its all, and He fills all hearts in proportion to their giving, but few there are who go the whole way. And this is a pity, for it is possible to give Him in turn to the world, much as Mary did, by first giving all to him in the missionary vocation.

UNUSUAL events have reversed the trend of the steamship traffic on the Pacific during recent months. Usually, the book-

ings for the passage out in the fall are heavy and those for the homecoming trip comparatively few, as Westerners ordinarily seek the Orient at a time as far removed as possible from the heat of the Oriental summer. Just now things are quite warm, even though autumnal breezes blow, and many dwellers in the East are accordingly returning home to cool off under northern skies. The trend of the Catholic missionaries is not reversed, however. Priests and Sisters, they are flocking out as usual, and thus helping to fill the roomy boats that will return laden with their commercial compatriots. The reason is not far to seek, and it is because their purpose is different. They go to the Orient, not to receive, but to give; and regardless of shot and shell the boats will not return empty to the Orient as long as their people need their gift of themselves.

WHAT has this generation done that it should have been born into an era of strife? Nobody knows, but there may be a hint in the scriptural adage that the sins of the fathers are sometimes visited on the children. Certainly when rash hands rent the seamless garment of Christ, when nations apostatized, when the pale cast of nineteenth century thought sowed the seeds of every perversion, it was inevitable that somebody would have to pay for it. The day of reckoning is near, as the inexorable logic of time brings us the harvest of trouble. No more pleasant piety and graceful spirituality for us. That might have sufficed our fathers in the kindlier period of a still uncorrupted world, but the present generation is in for a fight. Why not take the initiative with a campaign of mission zeal that will sweep the world? The best defense is an attack.

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for December, 1937

That the citizens of the Japanese Empire may pay homage to the bright vision of Light Eternal.

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

IF that culture is most rich that borrows most, as a modern Chinese philosopher has observed, the Orient should prove to be the world's example of culture most complete, since to its own age old civilization it is now adding the heritage of the West in a synthesis that ought to combine the best elements of both. In the picking and choosing that it is doing from all over the earth, is it worth while to include Christianity? That would be to give the Orient the true source of all culture, and it would then be rich indeed.

IN the Catholic priesthood there is only one possible success, and there is every possibility of failure. The success is to be a priest according to the conception of the ministry in the mind of Christ, and the failure is to be anything else. Now His conception of His minister was a man who was to be like Himself. Could the world resist an army of such "other Christs"? It cannot resist even one, as is proved again and again in every age and locality where the true type has appeared. A missionary priesthood that will present to men a living and breathing picture of Christ in action is the paramount means devised by the Great Missioner Himself to bring back His world.

The Urge to Win All Men

By Rev. James Ryan Hughes, M.M.

THE call to the missions is one thing and the call to be a missionary is another. God prepares His instruments before He uses them. So He initiates the missionary's vocation by sounding in his soul that first thrilling invitation to leave all things and to follow Him in a close companionship of spirit and heart and mind. This is the call of the Holy Spirit that incites to the attainment of prayerful union with God. Before instilling into the soul the ambition to preach in fields afar, the Spirit sounds in the depths of a man's consciousness an imperative summons to an affective acquaintance with Christ. When God speaks, His every inspiration is a command for him that has ears

"O FATHER, TOUCH THE EAST, AND LIGHT THE

Canticle of Light

Dedicated to Mother of Light

This poem was inspired by our cover picture of Mother of Light, an original conception by a Maryknoll Sister.

○ Sun, stars, moon—praise you your Light—
Whose rays inflame the cold, stark night.

○ stars whose fires kindle skies
I saw you dancing in her eyes
Before the skies were made!

○ moon who wears twin lilies white,
I saw her feet pursuing night
Before the flowers were made!

○ sun whose flames conceive the days,
I heard her magnify My praise
Before the Day was born!

○ lightning spearing east to west,
I saw a sword transpierce her breast
Before lightnings were loosed!

○ radiant bridge whose archways glow,
I saw her tears through laughter flow
Before rainbows were spanned!

○ sun, stars, moon—praise you the Light
Whose Rays Eternal shatter night!

—Marie Fischer



to hear, and this call of God makes man seek God because God has first sought and found him, and it makes him grasp God because God clasps him so sensibly at every hand.

This touch of the Spirit affects the very roots of the soul's being. It distills into them the lymph of life, which surges upward through trunk and branches until the outmost reaches blossom

forth with a fresh-blown beauty. It is this radical uprooting and fertilization and irresistible pushing forth into the sunlight of God's love which make even the novice marvel at the transforming power of grace. Here is indeed a loosening of elemental forces, a tapping of the deep-set springs of contemplative activity that must eventually issue in mission activity.

There is no one thing in nature capable of supplying the mind with an adequate analogy by which these forces may be understood. The rending of rocks by the roots of trees, even the enveloping and constraining hold of a jungle growth, lack that inwardness of power that marks the inspiring impulse felt by the soul, when God calls it to Himself. And it is only after one has gone through a complete deflation of self that he can find himself thus filled with the fullness of God, and realize within himself the throbbing of a Heart not his own, the pulsation of a new life never lived before, the urging of a youthful vigor which comes from the Eternity of God and strikes a note of power triumphant in the vibrating, deep-toned heart-strings of the new Adam.

There is gratitude in the soul, that God should lead it thus abroad with Him, as Adam of old, to walk with Him at eventide in the paradise of His delights. And as we walk in God's guidance and marvel at the fragrance of the garden He has planted for us, following the paths trodden by the feet of His own divine Son in a world made beautiful by His presence, we say to ourselves in God's hearing: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou shouldst visit him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels, Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor: and Thou hast set him over the works of thy hands." And then with that thought there is engendered in the mind a holy longing, a pang of absent kinship. A cry issues from the heart which God has so touched, for those countless others who have never known the Providence of the encircling arms of God and His Christ. The cry becomes a prayer, that the Cherubim with their flaming swords be changed into a welcoming host, that the gates of God's Paradise on earth, the Church, may be thrown open wide, that all may be made participants in that joy which God has reserved for them that love Him. The prayer is answered, before it is formulated, by the chant of the Angels of Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." And forthwith the gate stands wide ajar. "I am the door," saith the Lord. "By Me, if any man enter it, he shall be saved."

LIGHT THAT SHONE WHEN HOPE WAS BORN.—Tennyson.

The Pageantry



"MARY, child, will you help us fix the Crib?"

"Yes, Sister," came from Mary, eyes a-luster, face a-light, whole being a-flutter in joyful anticipation.

"Come, then. You can carry the buffalo (of course it could not be an ox in South China, for it is the buffalo that everyone knows). Be careful not to hurt him. Remember he has to blow

Above: A Christmas play at Fushun. Our Lady and St. Joseph, the angels and even the ermine bedecked kings seem to be not many moons older than the Infant King.



Left: A Japanese girl dressed in her gayest silk kimono visits the Christ Child in a poor little cave.

Center: The Christ Child is welcomed to the Loting Orphanage.



his breath on the Infant and keep Him warm."

So Mary carried the buffalo and for an ecstatic two hours contributed her cries of delight as the replica of the cave of Bethlehem took form, and the little figures found their places about the Christ Child in the sanctuary of the simple mission chapel.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Sister when all was ready.

"Yes, but the child began.

"What about the Christ Child, Sister.

Mary did not. The at night prayer, the heard a strange and In through the door c

with her father, the

"Sister, for Christ your buffalo will be warm enough."

It is the pageant of which makes it so movingly. For the village, for the heart of a Westerner is the dramatic Holy Night with the and dearest associations of

tryf Crib-Time

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Few if any events in all history have connected with them so many poems, songs, plays, other stage pieces, such attractive features for creating "atmosphere" in our churches.

And in the Far East, Crib-time has the allure for young and old that it possesses among us of the West. Mission priests and Sisters enthral their flocks with the age-old story:

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!

Above thy deep and dream-
less sleep

The silent stars go by."

Then the picture of the shepherds on the hills, the angels on high, the breathless hurrying to the cave and the finding of the Infant in the manger. Later come the



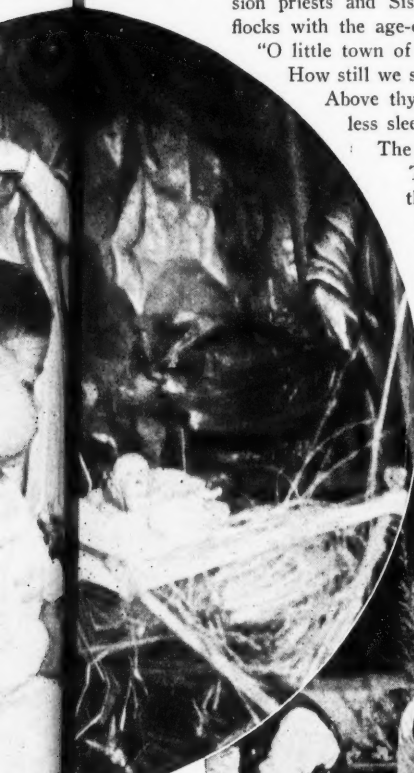
Right: A full-blown 'Merry Christmas' from China.

Below: Orphans fashioning stars and garlands to deck the chapel.

Wise Men on camels, the gifts, the adoration.

Wars and misfortunes cast their shadow, but in the intimacy of Eastern hamlets children and grown-ups will be happy this year as the Crib

and the Christmas festoons evoke on fancy's stage the re-enactment of the sacred mystery of Christ's coming.



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THE MONTH WITH THE MISSIONERS



Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 160 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in six territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. These are: 1. Vicariate of Kongmoon; 2. Vicariate of Kaying; 3. Prefecture of Wuchow (all three in South China); 4. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo; 5. Prefecture of Peng Yang in Korea; 6. Prefecture of Kyoto in Japan.

These six territories embrace 142,000 square miles and contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New

England. They include 50,600 Catholics, of whom 5,600 adults are last year's converts.

The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given below.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific coast.



THE MISSION: City of Kyoto and territory about Lake Biwa. Population 2,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Barry, Briggs, J. Daly, Mackesy, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop, W. Murphy, and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
Karasaki, Shiga, Japan

Welcome Guests—

The Sisters' diary records what they call a good omen:

"Our backyard is a thoroughfare to the Lake, and many pass by just to look around. One evening, while we were preparing supper, two girls looked in through the window. Sister bowed, and they returned a friendly smile. Then, they told us that they were studying 'religions' in high school, and the teacher mentioned that there was a church in our house which it would be interesting for them to see. Of course, we invited them in. A few days later, they returned with three companions and asked for help with their English. We are encouraged by these friendly gestures, and take them as good omens.

"Sometimes, it is not possible for the

priest to say Mass in our convent chapel. On these days, we go to the Otsu Church where Father Briggs is pastor. Here, we follow the native custom of removing our shoes and sitting on the floor. It is the only Church in this city of 75,000 inhabitants, and there are seldom more than a dozen present at Mass."

The Boat Children—

Santa Claus will come in a cargo-boat to thousands of water-farers' children in Tokyo Bay this year.

A community of 12,000 men and 5,000 women are employed on the boats in dredging, dust-burning, and the transportation of foodstuffs and merchandise. The living conditions are decidedly unhealthy, and deaths are frequent. About 80% of the youngsters, however, attend school on the mainland, but this cuts them off for months at a time from any kind of family life. At Christmas, they are usually united, and the adoption of the Western Santa Claus brings them some little pleasure. But Christ must walk on the waters again before they can know and enjoy the meaning of this holy season.

THE ANNUITY PLAN

THE missionary builds for eternity. Do you?

The Maryknoll Annuity Plan provides you with income for time and eternity. Inquire.



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Frs. McGurkin and J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho (loaned to Apos. Del., Peiping); Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Hohfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, J. O'Donnell, Ziemba and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Frs. Clarence Burns and Rottner, of Ohio; Frs. G. Donovan, Mullen and J. Sullivan, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

No Class Distinction—

This little incident must have irked Father Hewitt, who has made splendid progress on his impoverished factory site; but it is true that a decent group of buildings in a good setting is sorely needed:

"It's only for the lower class," said a non-Christian Manchu to a visiting Catholic from Shanghai, inquiring if there were a church in Dairen for the Manchus. The Church's first duty is to the poor; but her mission is to all

CAN HE WHO KNOWS THE WORTH OF A SOUL,

classes, and her message for all men. It is unfair to the Church, to the pastor and to the Christians to conceal her, not under a bushel, but under the cloud of dust and soot that makes Shakako infamous."

Fire Water—

Neuritis is not the worst affliction, concludes Monsignor Lane when one of the missionaries suffering from the malady told him of his experience with a native prescription:

"The remedy consisted of extract of deer horn, root of ginseng, native sorghum and rye. Bolstering up his will power and goaded by the neuritis, the victim swallowed a large dose. Immediately, he felt like a volcano on the point of eruption. With tears running down his face, his breath coming in gasps, consternation depicted on his countenance, the missionary made for water—an instinctive human reaction in presence of fire.

"The good doctor inquired about the results of the trial. Not wishing to hurt his feelings, the Father trimmed down the description of the conflagration and told of the water. 'Good,' said his friend, 'no harm done.'

"Father considered himself fortunate when he heard that one of our catechists met an untimely death, some years ago, from imbibing Deer Horn Wine. It is great stuff; but, really, a combination of red peppers and horseradish should be taken first as a sort of introduction."

Strange Sounds!—

"And the missionary must be able to converse freely with the 'average merchant' and the 'educated man,'" groan the newly-arrived Fathers Rottner, Sullivan and Coffey.

"The English alphabet may be a puzzle to the kindergarten youngsters; but, Chinese characters tax the hand, the memory, and the patience of the savant. It is one thing to recognize characters, quite another to write them, and a feat to retain them unless one sees them frequently.

"Forty thousand characters comprise the total given in the most complete dictionaries. The educated man knows three thousand or more; the average merchant, who has had a bit of schooling does well to read a thousand and to write five hundred."



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Pelouquin, Plunkett, M. Walsh and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Barron and Petipren, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Fr. Carey and Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Coxen, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy, J. Ray and White, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:
Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

"Sleepy Head, Stay A-Bed"—

"Please call me in time for the 'eight' in the morning, Mother," glib words that often drop from Sonny's lips on Saturday night; and Mother never doubts his good intentions, no, not even when Sunday morning at seven, eight, nine, ten, finds him snuggling drowsily, but ever more comfortably, for just another half hour. Finally, rising in time for the last Mass, Sonny realizes that he is much too weak to walk the two blocks to church, fasting, especially when one can always expect a sermon (and with Sonny there is no such thing as a *short* sermon). A cup of coffee and a roll, and off he goes—lucky to get in no later than the Gospel.

Sonny—and almost every Catholic home harbors one—might be embarrassed if he reads these few lines from Father Borer:

"Both of our Sunday Masses are well attended; especially, when we consider the distances our parishioners have to travel. There are few who live nearer than a mile or two; while one village, about twelve miles away, sends a delegation of seven. They all come fasting in order to receive Holy Communion."

Life Begins at 92—

Austin Ko reminds Father Carroll of the laborer in the Gospel story who was hired at the eleventh hour:

"He is a scholar, a teacher of Chinese characters, and one of the leading men in the village of Htan Hyen Ni.

"Two years ago, at the age of 92, his interest in the Church was aroused by the frequent visits of the priest to a little group of Christians. He made inquiries, studied the Doctrine, and was baptized. Like his great patron St. Austin, he is a defender of the Faith and has exerted great influence in breaking down prejudice among the pagans.

"Several months ago, while on his way to church, Austin fell, and so injured himself that he has been unable to walk since then. He receives Holy Communion at home, and never tires of telling the priest of his gratitude for the Faith. His zeal also finds expression in the written word, which goes out in volumes to many distant points."

To Be Continued?—

Shall we ever hear the sequel to this contact with a leper transient? Father Carroll wonders.

"One day a young man with very obnoxious sores on his hands and feet presented himself for treatment at our Kirim Ni dispensary. He was not only crippled by his sore feet, but absolutely destitute. The Sister Nurse cleaned his sores, gave him food, and a place to sleep. The beggar liked his new home and was content to remain on, his wounds receiving daily attention. When the government doctor made his rounds a week later, he was asked to diagnose the case. 'Leprosy in a malignant form,' was the reply. What to do? There is no leprosarium in this part of the country, and lepers must be strictly segregated. No other patients could be accepted while he remained. After a short delay, connections were made with the leprosarium in South Korea. Fortified with some doctrinal books in which he had already become well initiated, our one and only leper patient left for his new home—and a new apostolate we hope."

See page 349 for Maryknoll Want Ads.



THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China, 40,000 square miles in area, the size of Ohio. Population 6,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. A. J. Paschang, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennelly, J. Sweeney and James Smith, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farnen, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney, John T. Joyce, North and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Frs. C. Burns and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn, O'Melia, Rechsteiner and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neill, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerck, of Holland; Fr. Tierney, of Ireland; and Bro. Albert, of Switzerland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, So. China

FELICITATIONS to our new Bishop, the Most Rev. Adolph J. Paschang, Vicar-Apostolic of Kongmoon.

Following an ancient tradition of the Church whereby her priestly sons are elevated to higher ecclesiastical rank on feast-days of the Apostles, the Feast of St. Andrew, November 30, was chosen, in this instance, as the date of the ceremony.

The consecration took place in the Hong Kong Cathedral. Our own Bishop Ford, Vicar Apostolic of Kaying was the consecrator, with Bishops Valtorta of the Milan Foreign Missions, Vicar Apostolic of Hong Kong, and Bishop Fourquet of the Paris Foreign Missions, Vicar Apostolic of Canton as co-consecrators. All Maryknollers who could be spared a day from their missions were present, and from them we hope to have the details of this auspicious event for our readers of next month's event soon.

In your charity, may we ask intercession for this Shepherd of souls and for his work, the difficulties of which are

greatly augmented by the war conditions prevailing in the Orient?

Our Guest From India—

It is almost as difficult, today, for a traveler to reach Sancian Island from the mainland of China, as it was for St. Francis Xavier, centuries ago, to make the reverse trip. At least, so Father S. Cotta found when returning to his mission in Bhusawai, India, via a Maryknoll detour:

"Finding our way between various Chinese junks and sampans, all crowded in the small harbor of Kowloon, we boarded a fair-sized steamboat full of mankind, pigs and fowl, one toppling over the other. After a dreadful night, we landed at Kongmoon; thence, to Toi Shaan by rail, where we boarded a bus for Kwong Hoi. A motor boat was to have met us, but as there was not enough water to get us out of Sancian Bay, our only alternative was to hire an open sailing sampan. It was raining, and the sea was heavy. We finally reached the Island at 3 A.M., seven hours late. However, it was well worth the tiresome journey to be able to walk at last on the sands where the Saint had walked so often while waiting his chance to enter China."



THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,600,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Fr. Gleason, of Mo.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, Madigan, P. Malone, T. Malone, Slattery, Van den Bogaard and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kaying,
via Swatow, China

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

A Story Going Around—

It is sometimes given to dying eyes to penetrate the invisible. One of Father Maynard Murphy's recent sick calls bears witness to this truth:

"While I was visiting a distant village, a young man whose father was dying, came to the mission for the priest. Not finding me there, he left word of his parent's serious condition. When I returned and found the note some ten days later, I saddled up the grey nag, and prepared to go to him immediately, though fearing that the man must certainly have died in the meantime.

"That was about nine in the morning. At eleven (the son of the sick man told me this part of the story, and his entire family testified to it), the old man came out of a coma and called to his son to sweep the floor and tidy up the room, because the priest was on his way with the Blessed Sacrament. Thinking he was raving, the family tried to soothe him, but his distress only increased. Finally, they realized that the only way to quiet him was to do as he wished.

"At noon, as the family gathered in the main hall of their home to say the Angelus, I rode up to their front door. Every one, except the dying father, was astonished.

"The story has traveled the length of the grapevine and probably will not be forgotten for a long time to come."

Mission Trees—

Shifting the blame for the success of his mission to our Sisters, Father Gallagher describes their technique:

"A mission in China without Sisters is like a tree whose branches are all on one side. It has an unnatural growth. Before their coming to Kaying, it was very difficult to persuade the non-Christian women to study, even though we had a very fine catechist for them. Too much housework, or any such excuse, was sufficient to keep them away.

"But when our two Sisters began visiting them in their homes, what happened? God seemed to have touched their souls; they flocked to the convent to study the prayers and catechism. Returning home, they told their families and friends about the Church. Now, they too have asked to come that they may become children of God."

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TELL THE STORY OF BETHLEHEM TO

A Place to Dream In—

Doesn't it make you sleepy just to read about the luxurious boudoirs reserved for those preparing for Baptism under Father Gallagher?

"In our combination residence and chapel—a rented Chinese house in the city of Kaying—we have six rooms for the men and boys who come to study. In five of these rooms, there are five beds each; in the sixth, adjoining mine, there are eight beds, making a grand total of 33, for double that number of over-night guests.

"A Chinese bed is made of boards laid on a team of carpenter's horses. In the summer, a piece of straw matting is placed over the boards, and in the winter the mattress idea is further developed by sandwiching rice straw between the boards and the matting. A cotton-filled comforter, 8 pounds net weight, protects the sleeper from the icy blasts. This cotton packing is removable, leaving an empty bag for use as a summer covering. A mosquito netting is draped over each bed to discourage these malaria inducing pests that are so plentiful in South China—and they all come to our house for their vacations."



THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 30,000 square miles in area, the size of Maine. Population 5,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. P. Toomey, of Conn.; Frs. Glass and V. Walsh, of Ia.; Fr. Greene, of Ind.; Fr. Fedders, of Ky.; Fr. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunneen, Gilleran, Keelan, Lacroix, Langley, MacRae, Mulcahy, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin, Romaniello and Schultz, of N. Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Frs. P. Donnelly and Gillogly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
Kwangsi, China

Support a missionary on Christmas.
See inside back cover.

Thieves of the Night—

"It is only a bowl of rice, yet how much of the soul of China has gone into its sowing and reaping," muses Monsignor Meyer, over his evening meal.

"Even before daylight, one hears the plowman urging on his water buffalo. If the moon is bright, the whole family rises about 3 A.M., in order to gain as many precious hours as possible in the fields.

"The rice is cut with a hand sickle and threshed out by beating the heads in a large wooden box or tub. The plants of the succeeding crop are laboriously set out by hand.

"If the farmer is working his own fields and does not have to give as rent half or more of what he produces, he may finish his work in shorter hours. But the tenant farmer, who must produce twice as much as he needs in order to satisfy the landlord, having no labor-saving machinery is forced to lengthen his day by stealing part of the night."

Valley Visitors—

The first report from the new local Procurator, (Father Cunneen) throws the spotlight on two of our confreres in this section:

"Father Dempsey and I journeyed to Yunghui where we found Father Gilleran busy in his dispensary, but he closed shop for an hour or two to tour us around his live-wire compound. Two hundred newly baptized demand its enlargement, or says he—looking into a deflated wallet—"Shall we buy an ocean liner, instead? There is no difference in our ability to finance either one."

"Floods caused Father Keelan to spend last night in a cemetery. Wasteful indulgence, when in all probability he can count on aeons of rest in some such dormitory later on."

"Great Expectations"—

"As December twenty-fifth draws near, we are making preparations for the crowds that are expected to pour in from the surrounding villages for the Holy Child's birthday party," writes Father McLoughlin.

"The Christians in the district number over 2,000, and of this number we

had over 800 in last Easter. There was difficulty for a time trying to find accommodations for so many, but by midnight the noise and shouting had died down, and everyone seemed to have found a place to lay a weary head. In the morning, the chapel was crowded to the doors. Christian and pagan alike gave full attention to all that went on. By noon, the ovens were cooling. All had had their fill, and the procession to their homes began.

"With the increasing number of converts, during the last few months, we are looking forward to an overflow of worshippers at Christmas."

**THE MISSIONERS:**

Rev. W. A. Fletcher, of Fall River, Mass.; Frs. A. Hannon and J. R. Hughes, of N. Y. Address: St. Rita's Hall, Taft Ave., Manila, P. I.

A Dress Rehearsal—

This year, our Sisters at the Normal College in Manila celebrated Christmas a few months in advance:

"For many weeks, our friends far and near, joined us in preparations for the big feast, our real Christmas, when, for the first time Mass would be celebrated in our new chapel.

"At last the day dawned. We arose at 4:40. After morning prayers, flowers were placed in the chapel and various parts of the house. His Excellency, the Archbishop, attended by Father Fletcher, arrived in time to bless the altar and ciborium before Mass. Father Hannon, M.M., and Father Fernandez, C.M., were in the sanctuary.

"Of the crowds who were present at the ceremony, we think almost every one could point to some object as his or her gift. The altar, donated by Mr. Constantino de Leon, is made of beautiful narra wood, the mahogany of the Philippines. Its covering and other altar linens were the delicate handwork of our pupils. Nothing was overlooked: the chalice, the ciborium, the tabernacle veil, the altar wine, the flowers, the organ, the rug, all tokens of love offered to Christ the King, to make Him forget His cold reception at Bethlehem."



Left: One of the bright sunlit corridors in the seminary at Maryknoll.

Below: The refectory.



MARYKNOLL'S major seminary now counts but the four classes of theology. They might be described as the university years since in another calling they would represent years of study after completion of the college course. The college for Maryknollers is at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, where the curriculum covers the preparation through philosophy. There follows a special spiritual year at Bedford, Massachusetts, and then to the seminary on the banks of the Hudson.

Perhaps you have never been in a seminary. There is nothing forbidding about it, unless you have a horror of getting up before the sun and responding smartly all day long to the clarion of bells. One of our present seminarians gives us a few lines on how it feels.

"Everyone is his own charwoman here at Maryknoll," he says.

"After Mass, just as the day gets bright-eyed, the cleaning is accomplished. Each shakes his mop and little square of carpet from one of the windows at the wing ends, and the pigeons, frightened from the eaves, wheel and soar around the tower cross. Beyond, the great valley stretches and yawns. Evidently, the river has been up all night since it is already alive with long lines of barges, floating past the church steeple

Knoll Notes

The Seminary Calls it a Day

and the varicolored roofs.

"A great sense of snugness comes from seeing one's room set right: the blanket covering the bed without a wrinkle, the straggly ends of the carpet tucked under, the wash basin scrubbed and the desk cleared for action.

"Breakfast is eaten in silence. Then the morning of study and class begins. Toward noon, the inner man calls for more attention; but 'Man liveth not by bread alone,' so we go first to the chapel for our Scripture reading and a brief review of the morning meditation.

"Dinner. We sit six at a table. The seminarians, in black cassocks under the arched refectory ceiling, all bowed above the plain dishes as the lector in the pulpit reads the Gospel, make a medieval picture. The grey plastered walls are bare save for a black carved crucifixion group.

"A half hour of recreation follows dinner, with the day's mail to be looked into. Then back to the desk, an innocent assemblage of boards glorified with a green square of blotting paper, which seems to serve as an international clearance house, with the world's wisdom gathered there in embryo



IF YOU CANNOT GIVE YOURSELF TO THE MISSION CAUSE, DO

and the world's languages well represented too—even to the 'laundry signs,' for every one here has his daily quota of Chinese characters to learn, and the mastery of the 'Thousand Character Book' as his goal.

"At three, the long recreation starts. Intramural tournaments add zest to baseball, handball, tennis and soccer—till the snow flies. Then with the reappearance of



Above: The recreation room.

Center: A student's room.

Below: A classroom.

skates let Hans Brinker look to his laurels!

"Class again, and then as daylight meets dark, a study period. During this period on late winter afternoons, the page grows dim and blurs, the lamp fades and as the radiator hums a matronly lull-

aby, the student—like Homer—nods. He is in China, wading winter streams on urgent sick calls, or stopping down odorous alleys to make friends. Or perhaps, he is protecting his mission from hoards of bandits; or the rice crop fails and fails and fails,

and he fades from the picture from sheer emaciation. At this point, he wakes up. He finds himself analyzing his dream, wondering if one really has to be *very* hungry to starve to death—wondering if supper time will ever come. It does. During supper a volume of mission literature is read or some student takes his turn at the ordeal of preaching. There follows a recreation period and night prayers. Till ten o'clock, the desk gets another strenuous workout; then, with a last assault on Heaven the seminarian retires."

Our Latest Welcome

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON has welcomed Maryknoll to St. Louis. We feel very happy in his whole-hearted announcement of our coming.

"We have authorized the Maryknoll Fathers to establish in conjunction with our Preparatory Seminary an Apostolic School to foster and train vocations to the Foreign Mission Priesthood.

"The Maryknoll Fathers were established about twenty-five years ago under the direction of the Hierarchy of this country under the title—The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America—to specially represent the United States in Catholic Foreign Mission work, and they are succeeding very well.

"To flourish vigorously at home we must send missionaries into foreign fields."



WHAT YOU CAN TO SUPPORT MISSIONERS ON THE FIELD.

The Bounty Page

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

Dear Maryknoll Friends,

Evidently people find great satisfaction in having a part in the education of a priest, particularly a missionary. We have several instances this month of friends who have asked the privilege of taking care of members of this year's enrollment of almost 300 students.

A lady in Minnesota proposed that she send \$300, the equivalent of a year's income from a \$6,000 Burse. Of course, we were delighted. Another friend in the Bronx felt that her limit was \$200. "Welcome!" we said to her generous check. Others gave smaller sums, all prompted by the opening of the new scholastic year.

Our "Once Upon a Time" dime cards are proving very attractive to sponsors. A young woman says she carries hers in her purse and finds it no hardship whatever to set aside the ten little coins to fill it each month, support for one day for her missionary.

A blessed Christmas! Here at the Knoll it will be a grateful Christmas.

The Maryknoll Fathers

That Awakened Conscience

WE of Maryknoll, without meaning to exaggerate our importance, feel that by our efforts for the conversion of non-Christians we bring benefit to the rank and file of Catholics at home. Recently, the pastor of a church near one of our seminaries helped us once again to appreciate this fact.

One of our priests was invited to speak in the pastor's church. As the Sunday morning progressed this father of the flock sought out the Maryknoller, his face alight with pleasure.

"You know, you are doing a great spiritual work here this morning. For instance, a woman of the parish just came up to me and said, 'Father McC., that's a great idea, to convert others. Do you know I never thought of it, never realized that we should all have a part in it. Now there's my sister who has been very careless. She has five children who have never been baptized. This priest's sermon means that I'm going to get her to bring you her youngsters to be baptized. I'm very impatient with myself for being so asleep about the welfare of others.' So there's one thing you've done today, along with helping the Chinese!"

Certainly, with the grave problems facing the Church the world over, a most precious possession for every Catholic is an awakened conscience, ardently desiring that the Church push

forward and win new souls, not merely wishing selfishly for peace, for freedom from enemies because they are a bother.

Maryknoll Wills

WE were remembered in wills in five States this month: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Ohio, Virginia. The sums in some cases were small (the smallest was \$46.50) representing the residue of estates, but we set great hopes on such remembrances from all our friends who thus, as life fades, give new Life by their charity.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York* (Here insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass.
In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.
In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa.

The Month's Prize Letter

"Dear Fathers,

"I wish you to know how interested I am in Maryknoll and why.

"You see, I am a convert, and shortly after my First Communion a friend gave me a copy of THE FIELD AFAR. I decided that helping Maryknoll would be an excellent way of showing gratitude to God for making me a Catholic. No one can 'turn Catholic' for anyone else; only God can make a Catholic. Maryknoll is one of the instruments by which God does His work out among the millions who otherwise wouldn't have a chance.

"I am in a telephone office and wish two dozen more dime cards for my Catholic friends here. They enjoy finding dimes for the slots. This is my way number one of helping Maryknoll, and by it I am going to support a missionary one day a month from now on.

"Dear Fathers, my family is non-Catholic and not always tolerant of my Catholic ways; pray for me that I may be strong in the Faith."

—M.T.N., Ohio

The Pleasure is Mutual

WE find it a great pleasure to enroll our special friends as Perpetual Members of Maryknoll. And on their part they seem very happy thus to be united to us so permanently.

A woman in Pennsylvania says: "I am writing to thank you for your kindness in sending me a certificate of Perpetual Membership. You cannot imagine how delightfully surprised and happy it made me. I have long admired Maryknoll and the dauntless courage of its founders. I have just ached to do more than give a measly mite now and then. But I suppose Almighty God wants it thus. Certainly this privilege has given me greater happiness than any I have ever received."

From Massachusetts comes the following: "I wish to thank you for the fine certificate of Perpetual Membership. It makes me realize that my service is real, even though I cannot be personally as active as I would wish. I

MOST HAPPINESS RESULTS FROM

shall continue to look forward with pleasant anticipation to the little sponsor note each month and to meeting all my Maryknoll friends regularly in THE FIELD AFAR.

What Can a Pamphlet Do?

A PASTOR in New York City has purchased a thousand copies of "Father Burns Among Manchu Bandits" for distribution to his people at all the Masses on Sunday. He feels that the story of this American priest held captive over nine months in the mountains of Manchukuo will do his people good.

A gentleman in Los Angeles writes, "I have just read your pamphlet, 'Maryknoll Among Chinese Lepers,' and I am struck with the wonderful imitation of Christ's charity as shown in the lives of your Fathers. Inspired with a tiny portion of the holy zeal which animates these men, I pray that your Society may lead a great host of souls to Heaven. Enclosed is a check for \$25.40. The \$25 is for your works of mercy; the forty cents for eight pamphlets as listed."

Perhaps you can put a pamphlet to work.

Christmas Discount

33 $\frac{1}{3}$

on all purchases of \$5 from this list

of MARYKNOLL BOOKS

(the order must be received during December)

Father McShane of Maryknoll \$1.10 A modern American apostle in modern China.	For the Faith 1.00 Fr. Just de Bretenières, martyred in Korea.
The Maryknoll Movement ... 1.00 Foreign mission movement in the United States. (In paper covers, 60c)	Thoughts from Modern Martyrs \$.50 Extracts from the letters of three young martyrs of the past century, their portraits, and sketches of their lives. (In paper covers, 35c)
Bluegowns 1.50 Tales of the Chinese Missions, by Alice Dease.	The Catholic Church in Korea 1.00 Appendix on the Maryknoll Mission.
Observations in the Orient .. 2.00 Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's co-founder, describes his first journey to the Far East.	Field Afar Stories , 3 vols., each85 Independent collections of absorbing tales dealing with foreign missions and the foreign mission vocation.
Father Price of Maryknoll60 A brief sketch of his life, compiled from the letters of friends.	Felix Westerwoudt85 Missionary priest in Borneo.
A Modern Martyr 1.00 Bl. Théophane Vénard, martyred in Tonking. (In paper covers, 60c)	The Martyr of Futuna 1.00 Bl. Peter Chanel, martyred in Oceania.
Maryknoll Mission Letters , each vol..... 2.00 Pioneer Maryknoll missionaries. (Two volumes, \$3.00)	Two Vincentian Martyrs 1.00 Bl. Clet and Bl. Perboyre, missionaries in China.
In the Homes of Martyrs ... 1.00 Visits to the homes and homefolk of five young missionary martyrs of the past century.	An American Missionary 1.00 Fr. Judge, S.J., in Alaska.
	Theophane Venard (In French)..... 1.00

Address: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

A List of Maryknoll Want Ads for Santa Claus and All His Jolly Helpers

WANTED: 500 books, in gifts of large or small quantities, to form a library for the new Maryknoll Preparatory School, 1075 West Market St., Akron, Ohio.

WANTED: A set of the Catholic Encyclopedia for the new Maryknoll Preparatory School, 1075 West Market St., Akron, Ohio.

WANTED: 10 gifts of \$1,000 each for units in the novitiate for the Native Sisters, urgently needed in the Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

WANTED: \$500 for Maryknoll Sisters' convent and \$500 for dispensary at Tung Hua, mission of Father Ziemba, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

WANTED: \$3,000 for land, rectory and chapel urgently needed at Wanfau, mission of Father Churchill, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

WANTED: 20 gifts of \$100 each for support of seminarians, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China, in care of Bishop Paschang.

WANTED: \$5,000 for land, rectory and chapel at Kungcheng, in the Kweilin sector of Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

WANTED: 40 gifts of \$25 each for maintenance of schools in Kweilin sector, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China, in care of Monsignor Meyer.

WANTED: 10 gifts of \$180 each for year's support of 10 new catechists, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China, in care of Monsignor Meyer.

WANTED: \$3,000 for land and construction of rectory for Kyoto, chief city of Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan, in care of Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne.

WANTED: 12 gifts of \$60 each for each month's edition of the Vicariate Catholic paper in Chinese, Vicariate of Kaying, South China, in care of Bishop Ford.

WANTED: \$5,000 for a large school needed in the city of Chinnampo, mission of Father Leo Sweeney, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.



GIVING, NOT RECEIVING.

Our World of Missions



RECENTLY, at the Vatican, His Holiness was receiving the Propagation of the Faith Directors of the Italian Dioceses, Archbishop Costantini, Secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda, did the presenting and explained, in the course of his introduction, that the Italian people last year gave "only" five million lire to the Propagation of the Faith, an "inadequate" figure for generous spirited Catholic Italy. The figure must be much larger, said His Excellency.

However, the Holy Father spoke in reply and, seemingly, quite reversed the Archbishop's statement of the case. The Father of all the faithful, he said, could not refer to a gift of "only" five million lire, or to the "inadequacy" of the giving of any people. Five million lire is a beautiful contribution, for it is an oblation of sacrifice from the frugal, sober-lived common folk, an act of faith for the spread of God's kingdom in the world.

Nevertheless, His Holiness continued, he had no doubt but that the people will give more. There will be more from the poor and still more from the rich, to whom, he said, the Directors should not hesitate to look for greater generosity. Yes, the sum will be much greater in the future, but for that which has come, heartfelt thanks—God bless the givers!

Thus, two ways of seeing and saying the same thing. Archbishop Costantini, energetic champion, speaks of what still remains undone. The Pope, likewise a valiant battler but now sweetly mellowed with the years, is caught by what has been done and by what it has cost in sacrifice.

A Chance for the Geographers—

Relatives and friends of our Maryknoll missionaries in China, priests, Brothers and Sisters, have been anxious during these days of combat.

The Maryknoll Sisters of Mercy Hospital in Shanghai have been at the scene of struggle, but no other Mary-

knoll Mission, at this writing, is within range of the guns. The trouble has given us an occasion to learn how little even our close friends know about the geography of our work.

Taking the Atlantic seaboard: if we put Shanghai at Philadelphia, Hongkong, the large city which centers our South China missions, would be in the neighborhood of Florida. Peiping, then, would be somewhere along the coast of Maine, while Manchukuo, where we have a northern mission, would be in Nova Scotia.

You would not be very much concerned, would you, for a friend in Florida if you heard there was trouble in Maine or Pennsylvania? Yet, we have received frantic inquiries from fond parents worried about their children.

We are not unsympathetic. It all helps to remind us of a conclusion at which we have arrived many times: in mission work, God gives the vocation to the young and ardent, but the burden and the sorrow to the parents who stay at home. It is yet another feature of His mysterious dispensation.

Lisieux and Native Priests—

Since last August first, a Mass has been celebrated daily at Lisieux for the special intention that the native clergy in mission lands may multiply and wax strong. A worthy intention indeed, perhaps the most important one in present day missions.

For, in these troublous times, it would take little to make very precarious the position of foreign missionaries in great portions of Asia and Africa. As the years pass and crisis follows crisis, we are more than ever impressed with the wisdom of the Holy See in insisting

Our note pages on men and things missionary

that all missionaries put emphasis on building the native clergy. For the pioneer who spreads the Faith, a substitute for the missionary will never be found; but for the conservation of the gains achieved, well trained priests native to the soil are needed, who will not be driven out in those periodic waves of anti-foreignism to which the flames of race hatred and war give birth.

Alabama and Missions—

Alabama has its own mission problems, and grave ones. But Alabama's Bishop Toolen looks beyond his borders to the world task of the Church. We quote recent words of his:

"The missions of Christ are always of deepest interest to our Catholic people. Our souls have been stirred within us by the heroic sacrifices made to carry Christ and Him Crucified to the uttermost parts of the earth. Young men and young women have gladly given up all things to follow Christ.

"This has gone on from the day that Christ said: 'Go out into the whole world and teach my gospel to every creature,' and will go on until the end of time. . . .

"We need the mission spirit of sacrifice and prayer in the hearts of our people. . . . The voice of God cries out to each and every one of us to expand, to go out into the whole world and teach His doctrine to every creature. There is no change, can be no change in that command of our Divine Leader.

"Now is the time to spread the Kingdom of God. The kingdom of the world has failed; let God's Kingdom go forward."

Fellow Missioners Part—

Ferndale, training house of the Holy Ghost Fathers, is but a few miles from Maryknoll, over the Connecticut border. It is quite a matter of course, therefore, that ball games are played between Maryknoll and Ferndale contingents, hard-fought contests which seldom give much of an edge to one team or the other.

It is of special interest at Maryknoll to find that some of our Ferndale con-

Christmas Seals!



Buy and Use Them

Regard for others in misfortune prompts all of us to aid the Red Cross. The Church's love of the needy of soul and body expresses itself in world-wide missions.

IF EVERY CATHOLIC WERE TO HELP CONVERT BUT FOUR PAGANS,

testants have hit the missionary trail and sailed for Tanganyika on the East African Coast. The Vicariate of Kilimanjaro is the responsibility of the American Holy Ghost Fathers. God-speed to these our fellow missionaries!

The Holy Ghost Fathers, though known in the United States principally for their educational institutions, are primarily foreign missionaries and conduct vast enterprises for souls in over thirty mission territories, chiefly in Africa. As the Society progresses in the United States it is taking on more and more its missionary character.

Still the Missionary Protestant—

The Laymen's Mission Inquiry, a few years ago, secured great publicity and left the casual observer with the im-

world."

It is a pity that, in a day such as ours, when Christianity faces the challenge of forces which constantly become more bitter in their hostility and more thoroughly organized in their opposition, so many sincere Christian people continue at odds.

Providence has a design in all that comes to pass; possibly the mighty enemies who are rising now against Christianity will scourge us all, both Catholic and Protestant, and drive us to our knees, and, thoroughly chastened, lead us to a new union of hearts which will usher in a brighter and more brilliant day for Christ and His Church.

World's Record—

In the single year 1936, Bishop Ruch

ordained 35 priests for the Diocese of Strasbourg, France; during the same year, 77 young men of the diocese were ordained for foreign missions. Apparently, Strasbourg can safely claim the world's record for foreign mission vocations. Hundreds of her sons are found throughout the mission field.

Vocations in Kwangsi—

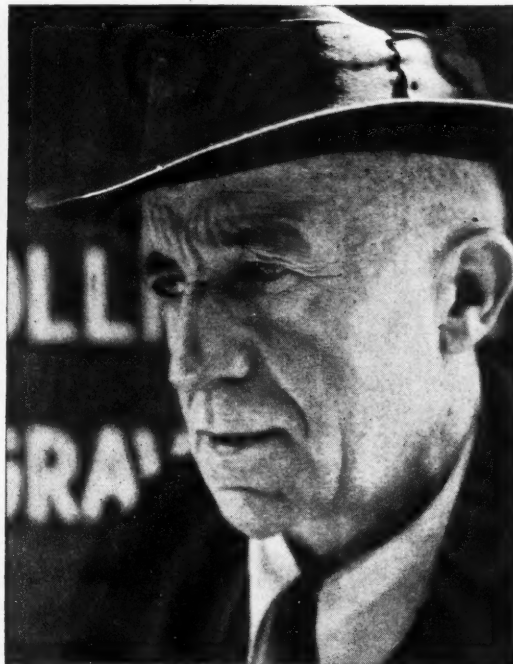
Statistics prepared at the Apostolic Delegation in China show that the average number of vocations in seminaries is 2.41 to every thousand Catholics. The best local average for all China is in Kwangsi Province, where Maryknoll and the Paris Foreign Mission Society divide the responsibilities between them. There the average number of vocations is 7.74 to every thousand Catholics.



pression that Protestant mission activity had been knocked into the proverbial cocked hat.

This is incorrect. Protestant mission work does not appear to be in the ascendancy. If India is typical, the decrease in Protestant mission personnel is heavy. In that country there are now 4,467 missionaries as compared with 6,030 at the end of 1933. Nevertheless, a great body of earnest people still labor and sacrifice to be missionary Protestants.

"We must contend in our pulpits," says a Baptist magazine, "in our schools and in all our institutions for the teaching of the scriptures on all questions of missions. All of our churches and institutions must be passionately missionary. They should contribute in their spirit, influence and energy to the spread of New Testament truths around the



Upper left: Maryknollers dine at the Catholic Worker, 115 Mott Street. Left to right: Edwin McCabe, M.M.; Karl Wong, Maryknoll Oblate; Edward Breen, for many years editor of the "New York World" now a full time "C.W."; the two Finnigan sisters; an ardent "C.W." handy man; Julia Purcell, Dorothy Day's secretary.

Above: Peter Maurin who with Dorothy Day are the leaders of the Catholic Worker "organism."

Left: The bread line. The Catholic Worker practices all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, but this is not the primary aim. They are gathered together to combat communism on its own grounds.

THE WORLD WOULD BE CHRIST'S IN OUR OWN GENERATION.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

It Is Christmas Eve In Manchukuo

By Sister Mary Angelica O'Leary, of Newsome, Idaho, stationed at Fushun, Manchukuo.



FUSHUN seems to be the target at which icy blasts of wind are hurled. Cold gusts sweep around corners and send up swirls of powdered snow. Skeletons of trees shiver in the wind. Grey skies frown down on the dreary scene which is Manchukuo in winter.

But the dismal scene does not depress the spirits of the people at the mission compound. It is a whirl of activity—a Christmas of the Christian world translated into this land of Paganism. The Christmas trees are an Oriental variety, scrubby and awkward; but, with a few gaudy ornaments, they delight the hearts of the natives. The Christmas packages for the native novices and orphans hold inexpensive gifts which are real treasures to them.

There is to be a Christmas play by the school children, with the classroom as a theatre. The scenery is scanty, being mostly a scene of snow covered mountains made of white paper. Dear old ladies in the audience and big-eyed children gaze in rapture at the vision of angels in cheese-cloth robes and white paper wings. The children themselves, after the performance, sticky and speechless, clutch bags of nuts, fruit and Chinese candy. Besides this wealth of goodies, each is the fortunate possessor of a brand new pencil and eraser.

In the various yards, cribs are erected. The gray paper rocks look durable when the caves are first "created" and fill the youthful artists with pride. Even when the howlers quake and shiver with each gust of wind and show alarming cracks, the builders can see no flaws in their creations, and, indeed, there is no flaw, since it all brings so forcibly

to our minds the poverty of the cave in Bethlehem.

All day the Christians have been arriving from nearby and distant villages. Many of these poor people have walked miles, not an easy thing especially for poor women hobbling along on bound feet. But love does not count the cost, and they have learned to know and love the Christ Child.

As he vests for Midnight Mass, Father does not realize how weary he is, although since early morn he has had a half hundred baptisms and has spent sixteen hours in an icy confessional. His heart overflows with gratitude. It never grows old—this joy of offering the Midnight Sacrifice and bringing the Christ Child into the drab and barren lives of these poor people.

"Night of Nights" the approaching carolers sing. Soon all are assembled for Midnight Mass. The church is crowded; the pews have been removed to give added space, so the congregation stands throughout the High Mass and the two low Masses which follow and while the long line approaches the Communion Table.

Outside it is cold, very cold, for this is Manchukuo. But it is also Christmas; and have not the Christians labored lovingly all day erecting Cribs to be visited after Midnight Mass? And so all, upon leaving church, take lighted lanterns and, in procession, singing Chinese hymns as they go, reverently visit the Christ Child in the unique Cribs prepared for Him by loving Oriental hands.

In the homes of these poor people there will be no gifts in gay packages; but many of them have made real sacrifices in order to receive into their hearts in Holy Communion, Jesus, the Perfect Gift, Whose Birthday all are celebrating.

Christmas Day! Beyond the walls of the Mission Compound, the scene is very different. On the streets, there are crowds indeed; but no holiday spirit of cheery comradeship; no warm feeling of thanksgiving at the birth of Christ which Christian peoples experience.

To these people, this is just a cold, dreary day in a long succession of similar days; most of them are laborers,



Altar Breads: Churches or Chapels in need of extra Hosts for the Christmas season may secure prompt service at a nominal charge. The

making of Altar Breads is the chief industry of Maryknoll's Cloistered Sisters; help them out with your surplus order in 'rush' seasons, if you cannot give them your regular patronage.

Little Flower Books: The Autobiography of St. Thérèse, attractively bound in 50¢ wrapper and \$1.00 cloth cover, and its complementary volume, the Spirit of St. Thérèse, at 90¢, are highly popular as gifts at every season and especially so at Christmas. Put them on your shopping list—they are books enthusiastically welcomed by Religious and layfolk alike. Don't miss the Xmas discount: 10% on all December orders of three or more books. (Postage extra.)

Address the MARYKNOLL CLOISTER, Maryknoll, N. Y.

SUPPORT A MARYKNOLL SISTER ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

weary after the day's work. They hurry to get out of the cold, which penetrates the thickest clothing, numbing hands and feet.

Their houses are only a little less cold than outside. But the *kang* (oven) is warm and comfortable. Sitting on this shelf-like bed, the family eat their simple meal. Then unrolling their bedding, they retire almost with the sun. Tomorrow they must rise with the sun as they did today and work for long hours. They do not know that this is Christmas. The hideous gods whom they make such sacrifices to pacify, look down from the walls upon the sleeping forms—on the millions who have never even heard of the Child Who was born in a stable two thousand years ago to save them from their sins . . . "O Orient brightness of eternal light! Come and enlighten those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!"

FULL COLOR PRINTS of

Mother of Light

(Field Afar Cover, Dec. 1937)

Our Lady of the Snows

(Field Afar Cover, Dec. 1936)

Framed: \$1.50, each

Pyraglass: \$2.00, each

Our Lady of the Night

(Field Afar Cover, Dec. 1935)

Framed: \$1.25

Pyraglass: \$1.75

These Madonnas are original conceptions by a Maryknoll Sister.

Address: Maryknoll Sisters,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Maryknoll Sisters—

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 467 professed Sisters, 60 novices, and 15 postulants. There are 231 Sisters in overseas mission work, 44 working

among Orientals in America, and 82 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries. A recent development in the Sisters' community is a cloistered group.

Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration: *Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Pacific Coast: *425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*

South China: *Waterloo Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.*

Shanghai, China: *Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.*

Manchukuo: *Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.*

Korea: *257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.*

Japan: *Zeze Post Office, Sazanami, Besso, Otsu, Shigaken, Japan.*

Philippines: *St. Mary's Hall, Manila, P. I.*

Hawaii: *1722 Dole St., Honolulu.*



"TIS THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

Sister Frances de Sales Marsland, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and some of her orphans enjoy a frolic before building their outdoor Crib.

THE PRIVILEGE IS YOURS FOR ONE DOLLAR.



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



To the Christmas King, A Christmas Gift

MODERN Catholic youth should be a universal crusade for the winning of souls. Like the Crusader of old, modern youth should be out to rescue a *holy land* from the hands of profane peoples and to raise on it the standard of the King. For, in this twentieth century, the whole world is a besieged holy land, still sanctified by the King's Living Presence. As Christ walked the Palestinian hills and valleys during His mortal life, He now walks the earth in the persons of His chosen followers; as He lived, hidden and obscure in Nazareth, so now He dwells in countless tabernacles throughout His world. Through these past twenty centuries, the whole world has gradually become a sanctified place by reason of the Christ Life lived on it. In modern times, large portions of this holy land of the world have been desecrated by those whose forefathers, figuratively speaking, were the infidels who defiled the Holy Land of Palestine. It is for modern crusading youth to retake the holy land of the world for Christ, its King; to reclaim it for the King Whose kingdom indeed it is.

The same ideal which impelled the heavenly Hosts to earth on the First Christmas Eve, now calls the hosts of modern youth to bring the whole world

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

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mission promotion problems.*

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provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—**
offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—**
is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin who heads this section endeavors to interest the children in missions through the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*.
5. **Reference and Research Service—**
will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

to the Prince of Peace. This is the meaning of Christmas: that Heaven stoops to earth in order that earth may rise to Heaven. This is the ultimate aim of all true Catholic Action: that other Christs should abound in Christ.

To this highest of all ideals, the winning of the world to Christ, all Maryknoll Pioneers are pledged in a special way. It is for Catholic young men and young women—for Maryknoll Pioneers especially—to give Christ the King His kingdom, or let it fall into the hands of His enemies.

Since Christmas is essentially a time of joyful giving when the Supreme Giver gives His Only Begotten Son anew to the world, why not, in exchange, make a Christmas gift of oneself to the Divine Giver of all Good Things? A Maryknoll Pioneer means just this—that is, a young man or a young woman given to that same ideal to which the Christmas King pledged Himself, the saving and sanctifying of a pagan world.

Mission Books in Review

The Odyssey of Francis Xavier. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50.

Paradoxically, prose is never better written than when a true poet, his old fire urging him on, lets his ardor filter through a restrained, carefully told story, like fire-tested gold threading through conservative tapestry. Francis Xavier is a subject eminently fitted for a poet writing prose. What his biographer in this case is in words, he himself was in action—picturesque ardor masterfully directed. So that, inevitably, the life of our greatest modern apostle is what Mr. Maynard has fittingly and figuratively christened it: an odyssey. No one but a poet in action may gracefully live an odyssey; no one but a poet may similarly transcribe such a life. "The Odyssey of Francis Xavier" is happily in this category; a privilege that makes it unique among the multitude of Xaverian biographies, and that accounts for its distinctive charm—a combination, or rather a unification of lucidity, style, vividness and veracity. Mr. Maynard's *odyssey* of one of the most popular historic and saintly figures is a colorful portrayal limned in sung prose.

From the entangled maze of a gloriously adventurous life Mr. Maynard selects the essential and the choicest material, skillfully and admirably relating in an entertaining, artistic, and clear manner the things that have made Saint



I too wish to interest myself during the coming year in the winning of the pagan world. Please send me a Maryknoll Pioneer Enrollment Card with information accompanying.

My Name

My Address

"O HOLY CHILD OF BETHLEHEM DESCEND ON US WE PRAY; CAST OUT

Francis Xavier *Saint, Francis, and Xavier*. The story of Xavier is always the same—dashing, handsome young hidalgo; brilliant scholar; applauded professor; Jesuit missionary—conversion, vocation, apostolate—the Basque country, Paris, Rome, Portugal, India, Japan, inglorious Sancier—confidence, humility, zeal, confidence. First and last, the author has stressed here Francis Xavier's unsundering confidence in God, which sublime virtue is undoubtedly the key to the apostle's courage and enduring heroism.

Theodore Maynard is too well known and acclaimed to require any quoting in this review. From a missionary viewpoint, it is interesting to note that the author is the son of missionary parents who labored in India where he himself was born. His later education in England and America, his reception into the Catholic Church, his various literary pursuits and consequent reputation in the field of letters qualify Mr. Maynard as a fair-minded, unbiased, skillful biographer of an equally fair-minded, unbiased, skillful subject—the apos-

CHRISTMAS PLAYS

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Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.*

tolic Xavier. "The Odyssey of Francis Xavier" is an epic of apostolic sainthood. It is not often that an unprejudiced review of a book can offer no adverse criticism. M.F.

Spain: A Tragic Journey. By F. Theo. Rogers. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$2.50.

The war in Spain is a war against religion. There, one is either a Catholic or an atheist—Protestants being almost negligible. Thus a civil strife inevitably involves the Church; the Church becomes the center of attack. As Catholics, we are incensed by the persecution and insults hurled at Christ's Church; as members of Christ's Mystical Body, we suffer with the Spanish

Catholics; as mission-minded Catholics interested in the World-Church, we look on the atheists as potential Christians, and urged by the Holy See, unite in the crusade of prayer for their conversion. The conversion of Reds throughout the world is a tremendous mission project.

The true story about Spain may be read in F. Theo Rogers' recent book: *Spain: A Tragic Journey*. Of the horrors of the Spanish persecution Mr. Rogers states: "I have seen assassinations so cowardly in nature so abhorrent to all sense of humanity that I would not dare mention them." However, Mr. Rogers relates enough experiences of his *Tragic Journey* to more than disillusion any who may still believe in "the myth of Spanish democracy as professed and practised in the so-called Loyalist territory."

Every Catholic—and mission-minded ones in particular—will be interested in reading this book on Spain, which is now engaged in the war of Christianity against atheism. M.C.



THROUGH MISSION LANDS

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\$4.00 a hundred

Check here if you want the complete set for \$1.00.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N.Y.

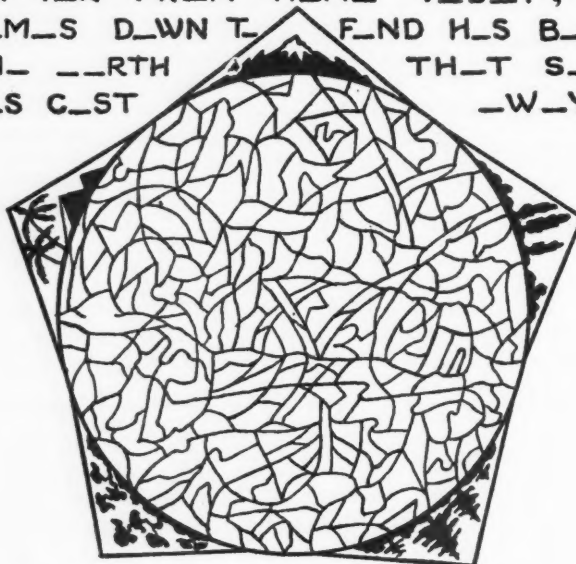
OUR SIN, AND ENTER IN, BE BORN IN US TODAY."—Phillips Brooks.



MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



— L_TTL_ B_Y _F H__V_NLY B_RTH
B_T F_R FR_M H_M_ T_D_Y,
C_M_S D_WN T_ F_ND H_S B_LL
TH_ __RTH TH_T S_N
H_S C_ST _W_Y.



The Christ Child asks for only one Christmas toy—"His ball, the earth." Are YOU going to help get it for Him? If so, how will you do it?

The solution of this puzzle and the coupon below will give you a clue. Fill in the missing vowels and hunt for the picture hidden there.

— C_MR_D_S L_T _S _N_ _ND _LL
J__N _N T_ G_T H_M B_CK H_S
B_LL.

FATHER TABB

Date

Dear Father Chin,

I wish to join your Maryknoll Juniors in their campaign for getting the Christ Child His Christmas toy. I have tried to solve the above puzzle; now, what else must I do?

My Name Age

My Address

If your Puzzle Solution is correct, you will receive a PRIZE!



The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, P. O., N. Y.

I'd like to tell the Christmas Story to little Oriental youngsters. Since I can't, I will support a Missioner on Christmas Day and thus engage him as my substitute. Please send me a dime card so that I may save the ten dimes required. Also send me dime cards for my friends.

Name

Address

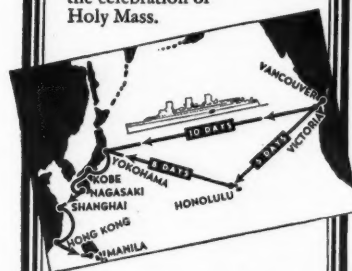
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Peace Entreaty
to the
Christ Child



MAY peace—the peace
of the angel heralds;
the peace of the immacu-
late heart of the Virgin
Mother in whom the Spirit
breathed; the peace of
Your Own Divine Heart,
O Prince of Peace, born
into the world in poverty
and littleness—flood all
the world.

